

THE RED ROSE

A STORY OF

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Oh! hearts in which bloom the red rose, not for you the quiet hearth, darkening fall of still eve and low of homeward kine, or even the hush of stole or cloister, the vexations of forum or mart. When deep in the center of your existence the petals stir into first life under the strong fingers of the head of their clan—the world old wonderlist—then the fragrance arises to brain, the hands grow tense and strong, the eyes bright and eager, the shackles of boyhood burst over the turgid swell of muscle and vein; then as the acid of field, flood, and storm fills the eager nostril the full-throated magician claims his own. To the weak few who fail and fall he throws only contempt and merited oblivion.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Gray, a young Virginian, is persuaded by Frank Howe, a brakeman, to leave profitable farming and "go railroading." Gray flies to his aged father and mother, his old friends, Dr. Deane and daughter Madge, and, with Howe, "starts" his way to Chicago. The freight train on which they are riding is a red rose, and Gray gives Gray his first experience of the perils and tragedies of railroading. Arriving in Chicago, they receive, through the assistance of "Grille" Mason, positions under the assistant general yard master. They find a home in "Mammy" Sullivan's boarding house, where Gray meets a number of railroad men and gains an insight into their "make-up." During supper, Gray comes into the room in an intoxicated condition. He is put to bed by "Scranton Pete," one of the "old-timers," who regards him as his protégé. Several hours later, as Howe and Gray are walking through the train yard, they see a commotion about a yard engine. "Forcing their way through the crowd they find to their horror that "Grille" has been run over while attempting to save a six-year-old girl. "Grille" dies in the arms of "Scranton," who vows over the body of his dead friend that he will give up railroading forever. "Scranton" spends the night making up a package of Gray's father, and as dawn is breaking he tells Howe and Gray of a frightful wreck occasioned by his drunkenness while on duty as a train dispatcher several years before. "Scranton Pete" (or Pete Lawrence, as he is now called) and Gray leave Howe in charge of the Mountain Railroad. Pat Brady, one of the cleverest engineers in the States, joins them there. Lawrence gets a position of foreman on the Huron branch, and Gray and Brady are appointed, respectively, rough and smooth on the Huron branch of mountain railway. Blank lays down his policy toward his employees to Lawrence, which sums up as "basics and the cards dealt above the table to all, and a heavy kick into the outer darkness to the coward who attempts to rise by crushing a weaker shoulder." The new men go to their dangerous work with a rush of enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XI.

A LITTLE later the Unitha contingent bade a semi-serious farewell to the departing pair.

"Well," said Brady, as they sat at the open windows of the day coach, "we are up against it. From what those boys say that Huron branch must be a hard game. When men like those fellows dub it a terror, it is well to believe them. We are badly handicapped. 'Up hill you are a green fireman, and down I am equally verdant as an air brakeman. This to the initiate always means stalling, blowing up, and doubling going up; an dthe country filled with side rods, cars and engines on the descent. We will probably have a train crew who are on to the conditions, and who are used to first-class service from the engine crew. Now it's up to us to make the bluff of our lives. Take your cue from me, and above all don't let the head brakeman mistrust you as new at the business. Those ducks are, in their minds, the self-constituted critics of all engineers, and in too many cases the final court of appeal rides in the red back on the rear. So if we have trouble for steam, I'll cheer in leaky steam pipes or plugged flues, with a little mysterious comment on loose nozzles, striped petticoat pipes or dropped cones—and this will put you into the clear. Now, John, while we are on the topic I want to tell you something. You, as my fireman, are to me the only man on the train."

"Old Mike Peyton, for whom I did the most of my firing, had an idea that suited me so well as a fireman that I've used it as an engine. It's this: The boy in the deck, if he knows his business, is the most important man on the train. "It's extremely easy for the 'eagle eye' decorating the right seat box to run schedule or better if the pointer always lays against 'popping potch.' The reputation of engineers lies in the ability of matching terminal train shed clocks with time card figures, and no man can do it with cold water; it takes steam-lots of it, and blue at that. When old Mike and I used to get No. 6 at Davenport thirty minutes late, and, after a process of coal heaving strenuous enough to satisfy a pirate, glide into Chicago on the dot, he would drag out his watch and complacently say, 'Pat, you did well; not I.' "Now I am one of his kind of men. You are not a subordinate working under my orders, but my side partner, best friend and associate, and whenever a line is drawn through the throttle gland, dividing our deck into 'right hand' or 'left' you will be the draftsman."

"Thank you," John said earnestly. "I'll remember." Just then the flying engine struck the foot of an ascending grade. As a hoarse roar rang against rock and Craig, a rattling of chuders pounded upon the coach roof. Brady, quickly snatching off his cap, ran his heat out of the window. When, after a few minutes, he drew it in, he turned to John, blue eyes flashing, exclaiming: "Say, boy, did you ever hear music like that? I've heard the best high-priced, long-haired Huns and Dagos in duce theaters, but nothing to compare with this. Think of the fierce fear of those eager exhausts against the desert rocks and get through your head what they mean. Men designed this road, men laid it out, and other men ahead there are dragging this modern hotel to heights where twenty years ago eagles alone thought of reaching. Hear how the engine seems to crow about it? Exulting in the clever brain who designed her, the strong arm who forged her, and the firm hand holding spur and rein over her mighty power. Never poet drove quill along the lines of mightier anthem."

John looked at the speaker in surprised silence. The poetical language

seemed at strange variance with Brady's rough exterior.

"Are all railroad men poets?" he asked dryly.

"You will think of that question when I'm mauling you in fifteen inches and a wide open throttle," remarked Brady, the shadow of a smile lurking over his grim lips.

On, on and ever up. Then as the cedars shrank into dwarfed shrubbery they came to the end of their journey. A long row of log houses, with high number names famous in dozens of great capitals. The smaller the front the more ambitious the owner seemed in lavish paint.

"Must be the breeding place for all the cafes in the world," growled Brady. "If these joints live up to the prices connected with their names only hope is that they have a broad gauge poor master."

"Probably poetry is equally high," said John, slyly.

Brady looked at him a moment in mock anger, then said: "All right, my boy, I see you are looking for trouble. Now, for the round house. We will tackle that Jasper man and see what he has in the stocking for us."

At a little distance stood a low, round structure, with massive sides of red rock and grim iron roof, emitting clouds of black smoke and vapor. It looked strangely like a fort resisting a siege.

Crossing over Brady asked of a grumpy young fellow, with a bundle of overclothes under his arm, stumbled out from the steam-reeking interior, "Where is Mr. Jasper's office?"

"Under his hat, and the last I saw of that, it was starting for the North Pole when that Swede dropped the plug out of the 114's blow-off cock."

"Yes," he continued, answering the merry twinkle in Brady's eyes. "The old man was sizing up a driving spring, the 'wooden shoe' undertook to close the leaking cock, and turned it the wrong way, of course. The old fellow was in good range, and, my partner, if you want anything out of him, you had best forget it until tomorrow."

"Look out," he added, and grasping Brady's arm, he showed him aside, barely in time for him to avoid collision with an emerging figure, a burly old fellow with white, mud-flecked hair and slime-covered garments, dropping dirty water at each uncertain step, hands weaving erratic circles, while only a hoarse, choked roar came from the gasping lips.

Feeling the clear air, the blinded, ludicrous figure paused; then, after clearing his eyes by a vigorous use of his knuckles, lifted up his voice in all the choicest invectives of the rail.

In language strong and rough as the times of his surroundings, he heaped anathemas upon the Scandinavian peninsula, full extent and breadth, all of her fair-haired sons, the vessels that brought them over and the men and climate responsible for their employment.

As the harangue roared on, laughing faces peered like puzzle faces from under the corners of tanks, over frames, or from crevices of dingy windows. Despite the fun of the exhibition, John recognized that the old fellow was in real trouble, so, stepping up to him, he asked, in a voice of real sympathy: "Can't I be of any service to you?"

"Yes, lots of it," roared the old man. "Get the biggest monkey-wrench you can find and brain that Swede. What the Lord was thinking of when he made the cheese-tintured, beer-swilling yow-yows is beyond me."

"Are you scalded?" asked John.

"Scalded?" replied the irate victim. "That I'm not burned up is a mere chance. I had just started from the job I was overlooking when that brute opened his bombardment; but who are you?"

"My name is Gray," replied John. "Engineer Brady and myself, his firemen, were sent here with orders to report to you."

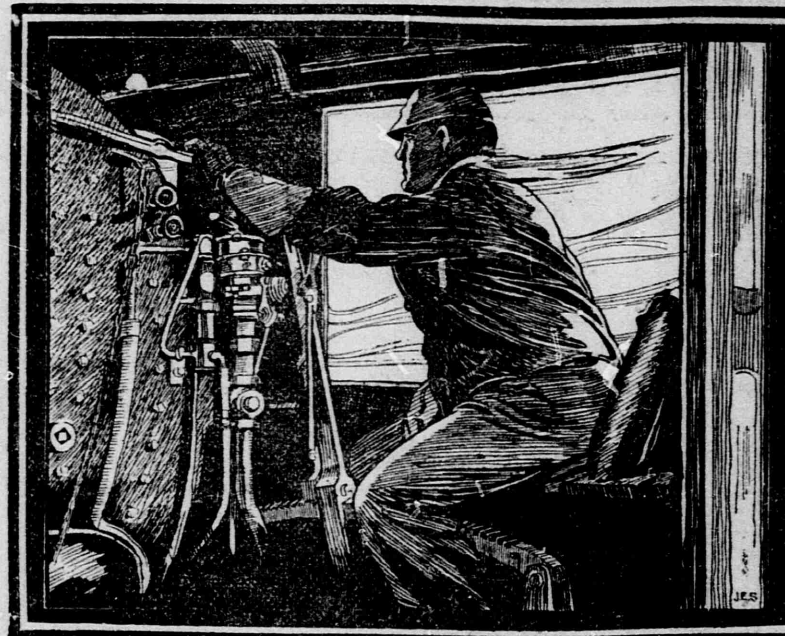
"To report to me?" sneered Mr. Jasper, sarcastically. "The only thing that ought to hold correspondence with me is a first-class metropolitan street cleaning department."

"Yes," he added a moment later, in a friendly voice, "I have heard of you people, and if you will follow me to that pile over there, I'll put you in view of your offices."

From the top of a pile of old ties Mr. Jasper grimly surveyed the facing pair.

"Well," he said, at last, in a surprised tone, "I've heard of you boys, and from what Mr. Wayland writes, you both have come to stay. Now before you buy chips in the game I want to give you a few pointers. I have under my jurisdiction a hell-gate of a road. It's called the Huron branch. From a point two miles this side to Arctic—ten miles—it falls 550 feet, making a uniform grade of 5 1/2 feet to the mile. Now in this gauntlet we have the broken, crushed remnants of eight runaways, and the head-end boys under them. Now, I am up against it hard, the transportation people are trying their best to drive me into a lunatic asylum, but, boys, I look upon it as my duty to tell you that if you were my sons, I would rather see you two into clear in anything else than working on the Huron branch."

"Thank you, Mr. Jasper," said Brady, in a decided voice. "Gray and myself will take one of your engines on that branch, and when she goes down the dump, if we are unable to get off sooner, we will call it your ruck-off. We are not in this country for our health. When can you use us?"



"Come up to the telegraph office," rejoined Mr. Jasper, briefly.

Arriving at the dingy little office, he hastily scribbled a message upon a piece of paper and passed it to Brady with the terse remark: "Read your sentence." Brady glanced at it, and then with a shrug passed it to John who read:

Red Canon. Pat McGahee, Foreman, Wilkins: I will send you on No. 3 crew for engine 328. Assign them to engine. Use on arrival.

"Where is Wilkins?" asked Brady. "Thirty miles from here," replied Mr. Jasper. "It's the junction of the Huron branch. Engine 328 is a Cooke, and is in first-class shape. It will not be necessary for you to learn road. Your first trip will be a daylight run, and by the time you rattle four cars to Huron you will be on to yourself."

Daylight was tingling a circle of spiral-shaped mountains, encircling the loved loveliness of an oval valley, as the train stopped at Wilkins.

"Well, here we are at the lower gate of the slaughter pen," said John, laughingly, as he shook the shoulder of his drowsy companion.

On the platform Brady's practiced eyes soon located the little four-stall engine

Ahead of a sloping mass of coal, banked level with the door, the black net-like flue sheet seemed twenty feet away.

"A good gangway," commented Brady, critically. "Lots of room to swing your scoop, and do your hooking without banging your knuckles against the coal boards. This is a good place for poetical criticism, but we will let that pass. Now, look in there ahead of the 'bank.' You see a floor of grates iron; well, that is the grates. Your business, when I open the throttle, is to keep them covered with fire. You see the grates are on the same principle as those of a cook stove, with large air openings their entire length. Now when the engine is working there is a terrible draft through there, caused in this manner. 'The used steam escaping from the cylinders to the atmosphere is forced through a constricted pipe situated in the smoke box on the front of the engine directly under the stack. The tremendous upward rush of the steam carries with it all of the air in the boiler front, thereby producing an almost perfect vacuum. The only way it can be filled is for the air to be sucked violently through the grates and fire, then by way of the flues to the front, forced by producing what is called 'forced draught.' Now here is a big secret;

about ten-tenths sulphur," he sputtered in choked disgust.

"The blower?" asked John in amazed surprise. "What's that?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Brady in disgust, as shoving John aside he thrust his hand inside of the cab. The turning of a valve was succeeded by a roar in the firebox, and then, to John's surprise, the smudging, outpouring smoke suddenly disappeared from the door.

"How do you do it?" he asked admiringly.

"Well, my verdant friend," answered Brady, patiently, "a pipe runs from a place sufficiently high to insure dry steam to the front; it's used to make an artificial vacuum on the principle used by the exhaust. In building or breaking fires, or on local stops, it's your best friend." Brady resumed his interrupted task. After five minutes' hard work he paused and said: "Look there, now. See, the fire is level and burning bright. Now take the shovel and put in thirty scoops of coal, beginning at the front and spreading it evenly back."

Here John awkwardly threw in his first scoopful. Brady stopped him saying, dryly, "Look in—ere," pointing to where a heavy black mass lay smoking in the center of the firebox. "I told you to cover the entire firebox with about thirty scoops; well, the way you have begun would require about a ton of coal to do it. Now catch your scoop in this way, only use the right hand at first. Learn to direct and force it into the coal with it alone; then when you draw the scoop back to you, catch it a little down the handle, by the left hand, raise it up, making the left hand the fulcrum both in raising and pitching.

At the swift decision of word and deed the foreman and engineer exchanged glances of pleased approval. After a reference to a slip of paper, the foreman said:

"Your name is Brady, I see, from the message. Now, I'm foreman here, and there is Tom Coffin, who will run lead engine with you today. Look out for him. The best I can say for him is that he knows his business, but when you strike town shake him, and hard."

The two young men, clasped hands warmly, Brady saying to McGahee: "Your comment would suggest a very limited acquaintanceship. Thanks. I'll keep an eye on him."

"You'd better if you wish a cent in your pocket or a shred of reputation," laughed the foreman with an ominous shake of his head. "Now, Brady, you can see what a fellow gets for trying to keep his engine up," said Coffin with mock seriousness. "I came in here last night with my old crab riding her boxes, my backbone ridged like the Saw Tooth mountains, and my eyes jarred loose."

"She had been in this condition a week. Reported her raised every trip, but the dispatcher's office has got this Mick so badly rattled that he would run out his great-grandmother's coffin, if some one would put wheels under it and stick a number plate on one end. So it was the old story, 'had to have the engine next trip.' So I went cussing up and down that Jacob Ladder, a combination between a Swedish movement cure and a milk shake machine, until yesterday morning the old man got on at Huron to ride down. I dropped them rather lively, and after old man Jasper had lost his hat and his watch chain and broken his eyeglasses, he roared across the boiler, 'What the devil do you think you are running—a pile driver or a stone crusher? I'd serve you right if I'll let an engine's frame crush her boxes ought to run nothing better than a thrashing machine.' Well, I meekly told him how the case stood. After we got in and he untangled himself, he walked all over our Hilbertian friend here, and the tirade he has just given you is the result of a night spent on jack levers, springs and equalizers."

McGahee only said, solemnly, "He is an awful liar, Brady," then rapidly disappeared in a loose-jointed trot toward the engine shed.

"I guess that will keep him good for a while," seconded Coffin, dryly. "But you wait here till I talk in about half of you. As the rules require you to run your pump you will have to cut your reservoir out; you will find the cut-out plug in the train pipe below your brake valve, and we had best see that it works properly before leaving the house."

John having returned, Brady inspected the supplies, then said: "Now, take and fill the tallow pot; when full set it on the boiler head; then fill these long spout-cans with black oil. Then, after you wipe the big cans clean, put them into the oil boxes."

After John had accomplished his bidding he resumed, "Now put on your blower and get her hot. Take care to cover your grates and keep your fire level."

"I think that will keep him good for a while," seconded Coffin, dryly. "But you wait here till I talk in about half of you. As the rules require you to run your pump you will have to cut your reservoir out; you will find the cut-out plug in the train pipe below your brake valve, and we had best see that it works properly before leaving the house."

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John backed against them, after coupling the hose and, everything being found right, Brady required him ahead, saying to John: "Ring your bell, and never forget to do it at all times before an engine is moved. It's a warning that never should be disregarded."

John sawed away vigorously at the bell cord until Brady said: "That will do; it's the business of the man ahead. You can resume your toil when we are backing down in some cars."

John desisted, then stood in half-angry bewilderment. The stern commands and the assumption of conferred right to swift, unquestioning obedience was an extremely undesirable revelation. In all of his former life no one had assumed this method of address. As he pondered it over Brady again spoke in the same tone of quick command: "We are backing up now. Get up on the seat box and watch your side of the curve. Ring the bell."

"Confound the bell, I forgot it," said John contritely, as he hastened to place himself in a position to watch his side of the track. Here a brakeman boarded the engine, saying, "Wait here until the diskies gets in some cars."

After they had stopped Brady sat silently for a moment surveying the flushed face opposite, then with a queer ring in his voice, said, "John, you made use of an expression a moment since that is no part or parcel of a railroad man's equipment. Under no circumstances use it again. 'I forgot' is a hideous monster, whose only place is in the darkest and most hidden corner of your brain. Never forget that he is always lurking there waiting for a careless or unguarded moment to crush your soul and life in the hell of bitterest remembrance."

"A man can smash rolling stock, burn engines, lick superintendents or even engineer strikes, and yet live to see glass windows behind him, but the man who acquires the reputation of forgetting will be shunned by all concerned as a sunken rock in a harbor entrance, an ever present source of danger and menaced destruction. But they are waving us back." John did not "forget" the bellcord.

After coupling to the train, Brady swung out into the gangway, and gave a critical glance. "That is a good fire," he said, "try to keep it level and below the door. This coal is free burning and will probably burn a red fire, try to cover the white spots and you will win the combination." Here Coffin said, "Come down, we want to talk with you."

At the corner of the tank stood a young alert individual abstractedly studying a handful of waybills against its side as he listened to a volleying

stream of words from a protesting, yet decisive, speaker. In the first Brady met his conductor, Jim Healy; in the other, the yardmaster, "Red" Green. Green responded to the introduction with a keen glance and hasty hand clasp, then resumed his swift, eager conversation. "See here, Healy, you have nothing to do with the case." "If there is an existing contract that these engines are to pull but four cars of coal out of here it's not in anything in your side of the house."

"Do you know of a tonnage or car rating Coffin?" "No, but we have never been asked to handle any over four cars," replied Coffin. "Then its only a custom," said Green, "and you can with two engines handle more cars up Arlie. Now, I am going to put them on you."

"You can put on 30," said Healy, stubbornly, "if you wish, but remember there are plenty of side-tracks between here and Artic, that pins are not riveted and I have a good working switch key." "And also that we have a liberal 'over-allowance,' added Coffin. "When I was in road some understand who are over the hills—not in the yard," commented Green sarcastically, adding, "Now, I've plenty of room here and you folks know I'm not a yard robber, but read this," extending a letter. "It's addressed to the general manager, and has drifted down to me." Healy read:

Unitha, 6, 29. My dear Watson: I have been thinking into the conditions at Huron, and must confess it is a cause of great worry to me. Owing to the extreme difficulty of retaining good engineers, or procuring competent men in their vacated places, we are unable to see winter close to line, before we have laid provided the coal supply of the great camp. I must confess that the thought of the shivering babies, children, and mothers freezing over bare hearths at 10,000 feet above sea level is getting very close to me. Please have the extreme urgency of the situation impressed upon every man connected with this branch, and I know that what the railroad is doing is depending upon their efforts—both in this office and up on the bleak mountain top—that when the line drifts shut, Huron will have the last pound of coal their loyal service can put up there. Very truly,

JOHN BLANK.

"Why didn't you show us the letter in the first place?" said Coffin, in a tone of deep disgust; "if the old man wants more cars to go up there they are going if it pulls the 300's flue sheet loose; but don't forget your flim-flaming has nothing to do with it."

"Well, I guess not," added the conductor, "it's only a way he has of showing knowledge under his red tache. He knows that we are ready to tackle even the impossible when old man Blank wants it."

"It seems you have a short memory for easy pulling pins and switch keys," dryly rejoined Green.

"Well," Brady said Coffin, "as soon as the Huron accommodation is in we will start. We are the only crew on the branch and have an indefinite working order. Here it is," extending a slip of order tissue. Brady read:

Red Canon, 6-1-81.

To Engine 300 at Velhin:

Engine 300 is stationed upon Huron branch will work extra between Velhin and Huron. Keeping off of time of regular trains.

"Rather a queer order," said Brady, as he turned the order over.

"Perhaps to the man used to Eastern tape-bound trunk lines," answered Coffin, "but with only one train each way, daily except Sundays, it's all we need."

Around a jutting mountain a dashed a little two-car passenger train. Coffin turned to Brady, saying, "The branch will start on Monday morning. 'Sure,' answered Brady, as he swung up on the tender; then to answer two sharp whistle blasts from Coffin's engine by an open throttle. As the heavy exhaust turns the fire, a red geyser, against the crown sheet, the bewildered Gray hears over the roar and tumult, a laughing voice sing out "Chunk her, son; here is where friendship ceases."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

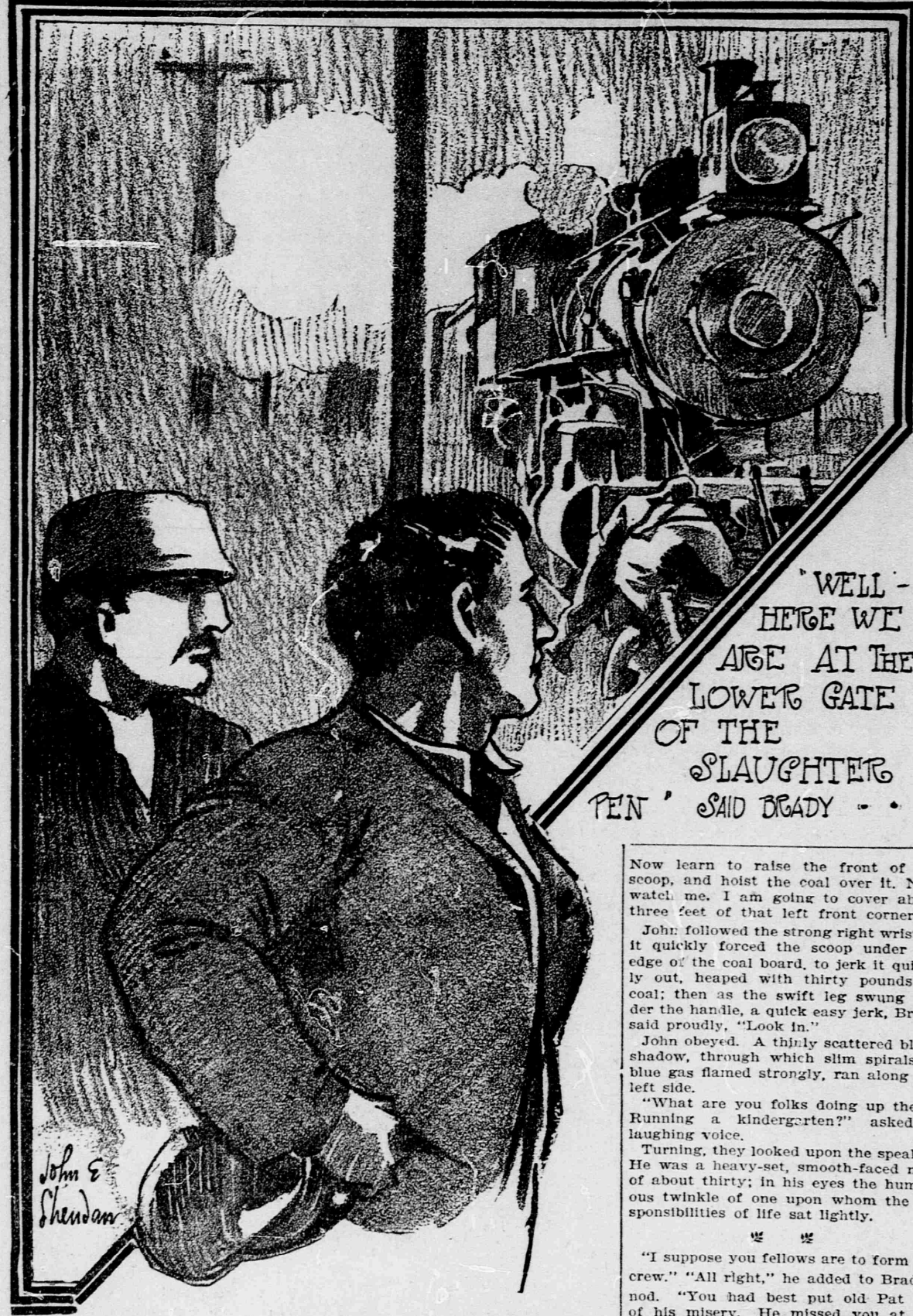
Traveling in Comfort.

Freight traffic is far more important than passenger carrying in every civilized country, and especially in our own. But people take a keener interest in questions of speed and comfort for themselves than in "ton-mile cost." A long look into the future is afforded them by the report of the International Railway Congress that "automobile cars and automobiles hauling trailers" will play a large part in future transportation.

Much of the attention of the congress was devoted to "light railways" and electric lines used as "feeders" of through lines. To develop backward districts, the European delegates say, such feeders should be encouraged by subsidies or by the remission of taxes. Light trolley trains darting through the rural regions, automobile stages for sparser traffic, will transform sluggish regions and greatly increase the farmers' revenues.

As to handling baggage, the congress "slide-steps" an old dispute by saying that the arrangements of different countries "best meet their varied requirements." Americans brag about their checking system, but is not the congress right?

A Londoner packs his "box," whistles from his door or a "growler," is taken with his belongings to the station in a few minutes for 25 cents, labels his box and has it put in the luggage van for a fee. A New Yorker, unless he is wealthy, calls an express company to get his "trunk." If he lives at a distance from the station and it must be collected Saturday night for an early Monday start, which is not convenient. True, he can "check it through to his destination" if he gets a ticket beforehand. An Englishman need not take that trouble. Each system is fitted for its people. European railways have already borrowed from us the corridor car, the railway lavatory and the "sleep-wagon." Some things European our railway men might turn to imitate, and first of all European standards of safety of travelers.



"WELL - HERE WE ARE AT THE LOWER GATE OF THE SLAUGHTER PEN," SAID BRADY.

shed. "Let's go over and size up our 'sheene,'" he cried eagerly.

A few moments later they stood before a great shining locomotive, bearing in glistening gold upon its sand box the symbol "328." Brady, with the intense eagerness of a woman before the Easter display of a first class millinery shop, ran boy-like around the machine.

"John, she is all right," he exclaimed in exultant tones, "a Cooke to begin with, and the best of her make. Look at her tires! Not out of the shop a week. She is in splendid shape—well closed guides, all driving boxes and rod brasses new, and a good big sandbox. Come up into the cab."

After climbing up Brady's admiring comment continued. "Every joint tight as a bottle, saw-tooth quadrant, piston latch, throttle, Seller's injectors, both sides, gauge cocks and sand lever in easy reach. I tell you, John, she is a beauty. Now, let's see how you are fixed."

John stood out in the gangway looking in helpless astonishment upon the great boiler head, and long cavernous firebox.

it underlies the basis of all successful firing. Remember Nature is very lazy; and she is always sure to do all of the work forced upon her in the easiest way. So if you are careless enough to let your fire get thin at any point, all the driving torrent pouring through it, being unwarned, it will chill your flues, and allow all the rest of your grate surface to chill and cling, beginning the formation of the fireman's worst enemy—clinkers.

"Now let me show you how to 'spread' your fire. It's the most important part of your duties. The efforts of the most skillful fireman, and the success of a trip, can be effectively killed right here. It is absolutely necessary that the grate be covered with live fire. Green coal can never burn, and only forms the basis of a clinker. Now this," selecting a long, heavy bar about twelve feet in length, "is your 'slash bar.' Here, by a strong forceful effort, he drove the heavy iron down through the mass, and a cloud of brown smoke and gas poured back from through the door.

"Put on the blower; this coal must be